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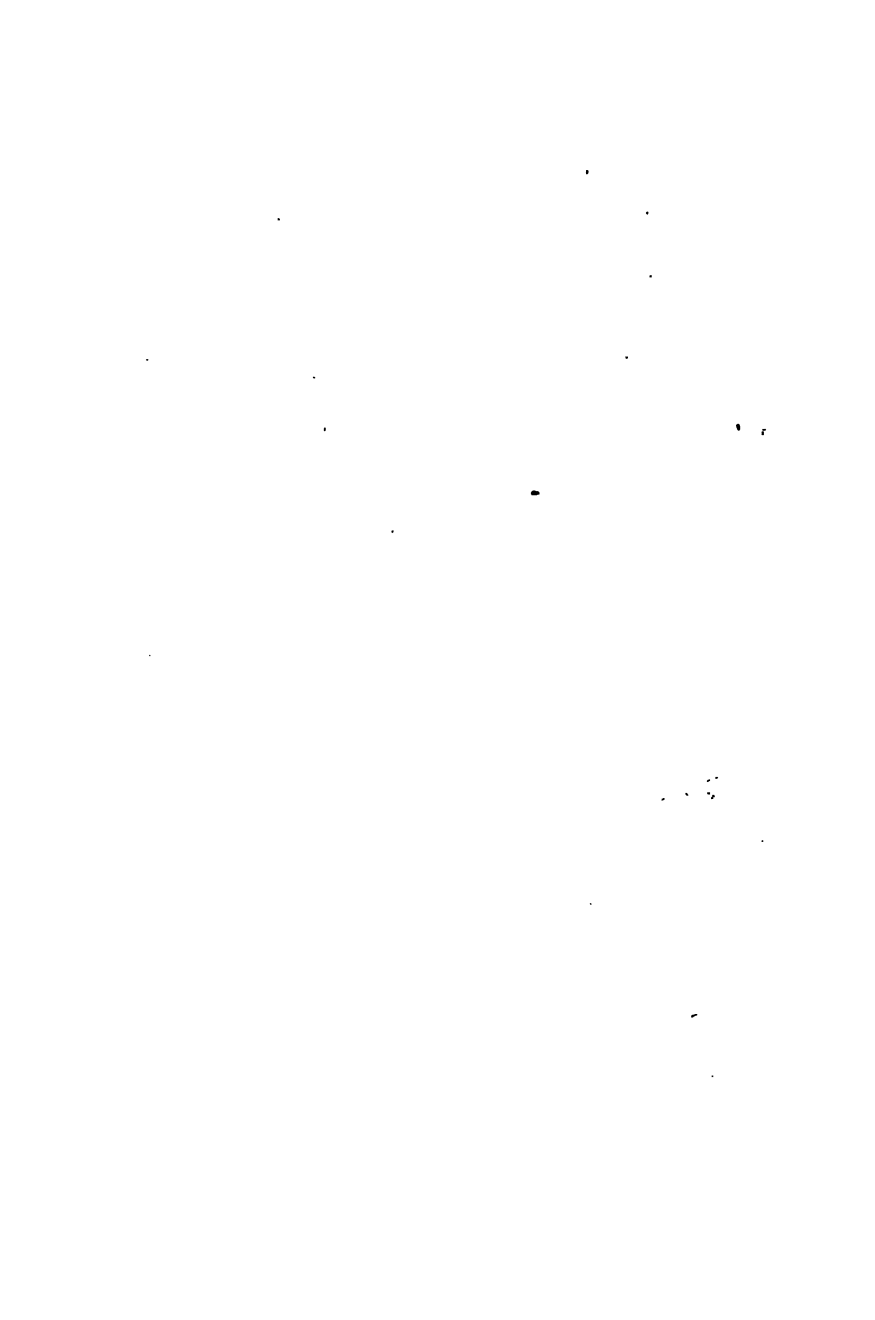
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THE
Piccadilly
AMBULATOR
OR,
OLD Q:

CONTAINING
MEMOIRS OF THE PRIVATE LIFE
OF THAT
EVER-GREEN NOTARY OF VENUS
Throughout which are interspersed ANECDOTES of
most noted FASHIONABLES, his Contemporaries.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY J. P. HURSTONE, ESQ

VOL. I.

The coronet which gives and receives splendor, when fix'd
on the brow of merit, glitters on the worthless head, is
a mark of disgrace, to render vice, folly, and inhuman
conspicuous. GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER

Printed by J. DEAN, 57. Wardour Street, Soho.

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1808.



DEDICATION.

TO the Rising Generation
of British Nobility, the fol-
lowing Work, is, with wishes
that the perusal of it may
prove instrumental to their
future felicity, most respect-
fully dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

[The page contains faint, illegible markings and noise.]

PREFACE.

FOR obtruding upon the Public, a work of the nature of that which the following pages compose, might demand an explanatory preface from the pen of the Author, did he not conceive that his INTRODUCTION

fully answers that purpose;
and his only object in prefixing these few lines is to warn the reader, ere he enters upon the perusal of the first chapter, from suffering his mind to be biassed in respect to the noble personage who is the subject of these memoirs, by any thing contained in them.

Every mortal is liable to err, and although it is presumed that each anecdote laid before the reader, will be found to have originated from authentic sources, yet they possibly may be overcharged or have gained (as narrative of every description generally does) something in the carriage. The benevolent acts of his Grace

of Quiz, hereafter recited, are, however, by no means exaggerated, and notwithstanding that his offences against morality have been many, the former in no small degree prove that the latter have been rather the effects of education, than the fault of Nature.

“ THE PICCADILLY AN-

BULATOR" is not intended for the use of readers in general, though it may contribute to their *amusement* ; it has been rather penned for the benefit of those to whom it is dedicated, and is intended as a beacon to prevent them from running upon the rock which has shattered a character, not it is to be hoped irreparably, that might otherwise

have occupied a distinguished place in the long list of British Worthies.

London, Feb. 1808.

THE
P I C C A D I L L Y
AMBULATOR.

CHAPTER I.

*Introduction.—2's Pedigree—his Education—becomes a Hero of the Turf.
—A Sporting Anecdote.*

VICE and folly, whatever shapes they assume, are and invariably have been fit marks against which to level the shafts of satire, more especially when

they appear in the garb of nobility, and under a hoary head.

The higher the station in life of the sinner, the further advanced he is in years, the more powerful and dangerous must be the effects of his example, inasmuch as every youth who plunges into the sea of popular failings, may defy the efforts of such a charitable attempt to reclaim him, by exclaiming—

“ Look yonder, behold that man, upon whose head winter has so often shed her snows as to blanch his locks ;

—experience has taught him that life should be made the instrument of enjoyment, and that the cup of pleasure should be drained, even to the dregs.

The general tenor of his conduct evidently proves that remorse, for the ill deeds of his younger days, does not haunt his imagination, and while virtuous mortals, while suffering worth groan beneath the lash of inhumanity, envy and malice, be protected by a bulwark of wealth, and power defies the frown of morality and the pen of criticism ; while he endeavours to fan the dying embers of those libidinous

fires which have so frequently consumed connubial happiness and virginial innocence !

Such an exclamation, the substance of which is daily uttered in this metropolis, surely suffices to urge the satirist and the moralist to wield the weapon, with which their professions arm them, against the dotard who is the subject of these memoirs, and to hold up to merited contempt and derision that man who would fain emulate the youthful libertines of the present day, and render nature's motion retrograde.

Yet, let it not be imagined that the work which we have now entered upon, is merely intended as a vehicle for calumny, or illiberal abuse; such an intention is far, very far from being that of the writer, who wishes rather to be considered an entertaining biographer than as a mangler of characters; whose end is to blend amusement with profit, to hold up a mirror to the rising world of fashion, and to excite those whose curiosity may lead them to peruse the following pages to avoid the follies and vices which have rendered a nobleman an object of ridicule to men of every description, and of disgust to such as

can view *exalted* depravity through the telescope of morality.

The remarks of the biographer shall be few, and simple; narrative rather than laboured comments shall form the principal feature of the work.

It is observable that, in what point of view soever, the life before us is taken, it reflects but little honor upon the individual who is treated of, and forms a striking contrast with that of a lately deceased statesman; the former (considering the life he has led), has lived to an extraordinary age without

having in any one instance wielded either the sword, or the still more powerful weapon, eloquence, in order to assert the rights of his countrymen ; and, when he returns to his mother earth, his epitaph may be couched in these words :—

“ He lived—and he died !”

The latter devoted his whole time to the service of the country that gave him birth, contributing to her welfare, while he neglected his private interests, and, at an early age, worn out by the cares of state, and breathing a fervent

prayer for the prosperity of the nation, which he had so successfully piloted through many a storm, sunk into the grave lamented by all: his epitaph might justly be—

“ The tears of Britannia water thy honored dust, whence springs never-fading fame !”

We shall now endeavour to atone for this prefatory trespass upon the patience of our readers, by entering upon the task which we have imposed upon ourselves, and, in the performance of which, we trust that it will

be found that scandal does not guide our pen.

William Doubllass, Earl of Marchmont, Baron Doubllass, Duke of Quiz, Knight of the Order of the Thistle, and the subject of these memoirs, is descended from an illustrious Scottish family ; several of his ancestors having intermarried with the blood-royal of the Caledonian kings.

Many of his race have held high and honorable situations in the country, whence they originated, and since their residence in this, they have been

noticed with particular attention by our sovereign.

Hence then it appears that the Duke of Quiz's ideas and actions, if conformable to his birth, would have been of the most exalted kind; and the education bestowed upon him, so far from derogating from his hereditary advantages, was of such a nature as might, had it fallen to the lot of another, have gifted the literary world with a brilliant star, and society at large with a valuable member.

Whilst he was yet a boy, his father,

the last Earl of Marchmont died, in consequence of which event, our hero became Lord Marchmont,

Newmarket proved to be the *starting-place* whence he commenced his fashionable career ; for, having attended one meeting at that race-course, the most celebrated in the world, he acquired such an unconquerable taste for the turf, that he quickly deserted the *sombre* walls of the University, changed his gown for buckskins, and a coloured jacket,—his square cap, for a jockey's bob ; and, putting a small edition of “ Ovid's Art of Love ” into one pocket,

and the "Racing Calendar" into the other, quickly appeared within the roped-ring, a knowing one, and a buck of the first water.

He was soon a match for all the jockies of the day; and, like a certain Duke, lately deceased, made it a practice never to place reliance upon any of those slippery gentry whose tricks have not unfrequently ruined green horns, and placed them within the walls of the King's Bench, or the Fleet, —ere they could obtain a seat in that august assembly; whose members have wisely provided for their own personal

safety to the discomfiture of many an honest trader! Lord Marchmont, therefore, might *in this respect*, be said to have acted wisely ; he depended solely upon his own ability and exertions, and how far he was favored by them will appear from the recital of two memorable achievements which will never be forgotten by the disciples of the whip.

The first of these occurred in 1756, when his Lordship properly accoutred in his velvet cap, red silken jacket, buckskin breeches, and long spurs, not only backed his own horse for a

considerable sum, but actually rode him.

This contest, which took place on the race-ground, at Newmarket, when the Earl had attained his 26th year, was not, however, with an inferior in birth, *accomplishments*, or *understanding*, for his antagonist was no other than a Scotch Nobleman, who was addicted to the same sports as himself, and whose family, like his own, had been allied to the Kings of his native country.

The trial of skill between the Achilles

and Hector, of horsemen, of course attracted the notice of the public, and, at an early hour, the ground exhibited a display of all the fashionables of that period.

The two youths appeared, on the course, mounted upon horses which, as far as regarded appearance, might have disputed the palm with those that phaëton of old, undertook to guide : the race commenced,—and, although the utmost skill and jockeyship were evinced by his opponent, Lord Marchmont was the victor ; to him was given the meed of fame, and no conqueror at

the olympic games, ever received greater plaudits ; the gentlemen denominated him a first rate blood, and the ladies declared he was a charming fellow.

This performance gave rise to the character of squire groom, which that excellent dramatist, Macklin, has worked up so admirably in his little comedy of " Love-a-la-Mode ;" and which, to this day, in the hands of Lewis continues, to be a fund of amusement to the frequenters of the theatre, and the truest picture of a turf-hero that has hitherto been drawn.

CHAPTER II.

*Another Anecdote, not very dissimilar
to the foregoing.—2's courage.—A
Gaming Anecdote.*

THE other contest, to which we have alluded, was with an Irish gentleman, usually known by the appellation of Count O'Taaffe, much celebrated about the end of the last century for his bets and oddities.

In consequence of a conversation, at sporting meeting, relative to running against time, it was suggested by the Earl of Marchmont that it was possible for a carriage to be drawn with a degree of celerity, till then unexampled, and in fact at that time almost incredible.

Being desired to name his *maximum*, he undertook, provided he were allowed the choice of his ground, and a certain time for training, to *draw* a machine, with four wheels, not less than nineteen miles within the space of sixty minutes.

As it had already been discovered that a race horse might be urged to such a degree of speed as to run over a mile in a minute, this, which allowed about three to a carriage, did not appear so surprising to the knowing ones, for a short space of time, but the continuance of such rapid motion, during a whole hour, staggered their belief, and many of them were completely outwitted.

As much depended upon the lightness of the machine, application was made to an ingenious coach-maker, (Wright) in Long-Acre, who exhausted

all the resources of his art to diminish the weight and friction as much as possible, and silk is said to have been resorted to, instead of leather, in the construction of the harness.

It then became necessary to select four blood horses, and what was far more difficult, to procure two *honest* grooms, (Errat and another we believe, the former was the buckle of his day) of small weight, and approved skill, to manage them.

The course, at Newmarket, having been pitched upon for the trial, a mile

was marked out there, and although (to the eternal honor of Lord Marchmont's humanity, be it related) several horses were killed, in training ; yet, it soon became evident that the project was feasible.

On the arrival of the appointed day (August 29th, 1750), which was to decide bets, to the amount of several thousand pounds, the noble and the ignoble gamesters repaired to the spot fixed upon ; the jockies mounted ; the carriage, constructed partly of wood and partly of whalebone, was put in motion, and rushing on with a

velocity almost rivalling the progress of sound, darted within the appointed time to the goal!

As it may naturally be supposed, this feat added a new wreath to our hero's Newmarket laurels, which, as well as the *lining* of his purse, were considerably augmented by many succeeding contests of the sporting kind, particulars whereof we would willingly relate, did we think they could afford any amusement to our readers, or further the elucidation of that character which at present occupies our attention.

Before, however, we cease to regard Lord Marchmont as a jockey, it may not be deemed improper to relate a circumstance, which places his lordship's honesty and courage in a very conspicuous point of view.

Shortly after the carriage achievement, already made mention of, his Lordship engaged to run a famous bay colt, which more than once had won the day for him, against the celebrated horse (*Potatoes*), the property of a titled Hibernian.

The weight of the jockey who rode

the former being very inferior to that of him who managed the latter, he, of course, was loaded in the usual way, and, not in a very *unusual* way, before the first heat had been accomplished, the weights were thrown away, picked up by a confederate of the *honest* rider, and slipped into his jacket, previously to his being put into the scales.

All this was not, however, performed with such dexterity as to evade the scrutinizing eye of the owner of Potatoes, who, seizing his lordship's jockey (he proving to be the victor), threatened to apply his horsewhip to

his shoulders, unless he acknowledged at whose instigation the deceit had been practised.

The *upright* jockey, after some hesitation, "cast the vile reproach" upon his master, who, being taxed with the fact, answered in such a manner as tended to irritate the fiery disposition of the Hibernian.

When we inform our readers, that this fiery gentleman was no other than the celebrated *fire-eater*, or duellist, who flourished about half a century

ago, and of whom it is related, that, having thrown an impertinent waiter out of the window of an hotel, he briefly, and with the utmost *sang froid*, replied to the remonstrances of the landlord, by saying, "Charge the fellow in the bill!"

When we say, this was the person whom his lordship insulted, we need hardly add, that he *honourably* resented the affront, or, in other words, sent Lord Marchmont a very polite, though laconic note, couched in the following terms :—

" MY LORD,

" I shall be happy to meet you by five o'clock to-morrow morning, at ———, and if your lordship will have the goodness to bring a friend, a surgeon, and a case of pistols, with you, I doubt not but our little misunderstanding will be settled in less than five minutes.

" I have the honour to be, &c.

" * * * * *

In reply to this *billet amie*, as his lordship considered it, an equally polite

epistle was returned, accepting of the invitation contained in the former.

Accordingly, at the appointed time, Lord M——, accompanied and accoutred as his friend had directed, appeared on the ground, where he was shortly afterwards joined by the gentleman who had so kindly invited him thither; but how great was his astonishment, on perceiving a man approach with a large black coffin upon his shoulders, which, having carefully laid down, his lordship perceived that it bore a plate, whereon was inscribed,

“Earl of Marchmont, who departed this life on the — day of —, 1751.”

The date was that of the very day upon which the meeting took place, and on Lord Marchmont's expressing, in tremulous accents, his surprise at such a proceeding on the part of his opponent, the latter replied—“Why, my dear fellow, you are, of course, aware that I never miss my man ; and as I find myself in excellent trim for sport this morning, I have not a shadow of doubt upon my mind, but this

oaken great coat (pointing to the coffin) will shortly be better calculated for you than your present dress."

Such an effect had these words upon his lordship, together with the sight of the coffin, that, dropping upon his knees, he made a most abject apology for his past misconduct. Of this submission the eccentric Irishman readily accepted; but the effect of the *rencontre* did not end here, for it is a well known fact, that Lord Marchmont ever afterwards so strongly bore in mind the recollection of it, as never to

resent any insult, however gross, that was offered to him. In part proof of the truth of this assertion, we shall lay before our readers another anecdote, in some respects analogous to the foregoing.

A few months subsequent to our hero's attaining the title of Duke of Quiz, he happened to be one evening at the celebrated gaming-house in St. James's-street, then kept by Renny.

Another Hibernian, known by the appellation of *Savage* Roche, engaged

with his grace ; and in the course of play, a dispute having arisen relative to the cast of the die, Q—— rather peremptorily contradicted his companion, who, without much ceremony, deliberately laid hold of the unfortunate nobleman's ears, and elevating him above his head, exhibited him to the gaze of a crowded room, at the same moment exclaiming with all the marrow of the brogue—" You see, gentlemen, how I treat this contemptible little cock-sparrow. *As a man* he is too much beneath me, or I would treat him like a gentleman !"

Degrading as was this affront, the poor duke never sought any atonement for it; but, probably calling to mind the *coffin-adventure*, wisely determined to *bury* his resentment.

It may not be *mal à propos* to mention in this place, that *Savage Roche*, one of the most noted gamblers of his time, obtained the said title in consequence of a gaming trick, commonly denominated *cogging the die*. This is practised by placing a false die between the joints of the little finger, and dex-

terously concealing it from the view of the other players. The sharper then bets upon a certain throw, shakes the box, makes a feint of casting ; but instead of throwing the die contained in the box, he retains it, and only lets the concealed die slip from his finger, having previously so fixed it, that it will exhibit such a number as he has wagered upon.

A certain general, who had much distinguished himself in the cause of his country, having sat down to hazard

with Roche, attempted to practise this deceit, the latter, however, perceived his antagonist's intention, and seizing a fork which lay near him, at the moment when the gallant soldier pretended to throw, stuck his hand to the table with the aforesaid instrument, at the same time coolly observing—"By J—s—s, general, I may be wrong;— if I am, I will patiently undergo any punishment you may think proper to inflict."

Roche, however, was not wrong. The cheat was discovered; the general

was dubbed a *black-leg* ; and Roche (very justly) a *savage*.

By what we have said relative to the courage of the subject of these memoirs, we would not have it considered that we countenance duelling ; on the contrary, we abhor the practice, and are firmly of opinion, that that nobleman who endeavours to arrest the progress of so great an evil, acts in a manner more truly great than the gladiator, who, upon all occasions, seeks to risk his own life, and the lives of his compatriots.

But it was evident that cowardice, more than a sense of the greatness of the crime, swayed the conduct of the nobleman in question, in both instances; and therefore it was that we exposed him to that ridicule of which he is so very deserving.

From what we have already related, it is almost needless to add, that gaming was, and in fact is, among the number of Quiz's vices; but the ill consequences which might otherwise result

from his indulgence in the baneful pleasures of the hazard-table, are counteracted by the mode of playing which, even in his minority, he adopted, and has since practised ; that is to say, he puts fifty pounds, and no more, into his pocket,—proceeds to St. James's-street,—and, if Fortune frown upon him, loses to the extent of that sum only : if she smile, he pockets his gains ; but however great they may be, he invariably pursues the fifty pounds' plan, which he has found to answer

his purpose so well, that it is said,
Messrs. C—— and Co. his bankers,
attribute nearly as many of his grace's
lodgements to the score of hazard, as
that of rents, &c.

CHAPTER III.

2——— *as a Man of Gallantry.—The Story of Stella.*

ALTHOUGH a propensity for the amusements of the turf, and the equally dangerous ones of the gaming table, was a prominent feature in the character of our hero, yet he even sacrificed more profusely to Venus than to Olympus and Fortuna.

Without fatiguing or disgusting our readers, by reciting particulars of King's-place midnight orgies, at the celebration of which, Q——, in his early days, not unfrequently assisted, we shall proceed to relate the circumstances of those private amours of his, which hitherto have not been made public, and which, in some respects, are unexampled in the annals of gallantry.

The first female that fell a victim to the amorous desires of Earl Marchmont, or at least the first, relative to

whom we have been enabled to gain any authentic information, was the daughter of a city merchant, a lovely girl, whom we shall denominate Stella. Her mother had been snatched from the cares of this life at an early age, and, in fact, before Stella had attained her second year. Her father, who loved his deceased partner with the most unqualified affection, experienced so much grief from the loss he had sustained in her, that he found himself unable to turn his attention to business.

The consequence was, that he became deranged; his credit was irretrievably gone; and, after struggling against misfortunes for a considerable period, he died of a broken heart, leaving Stella, at the tender age of twelve years, a dependant on the bounty of a relation, who, like himself, was a son of commerce.

This person, to whom we shall give the name of Wilkins, was in easy circumstances, and having no other claimant on his bounty than Stella, he might, had not Nature given him the heart of

a trader, have provided for her in a manner which would have rendered her happy during her life, and probably have averted the evils, with which she was afterwards overwhelmed.

Avarice, however, had usurped its hateful empire over his disposition, and incited him to place Stella, when she had not been more than two years under his protection, in the shop of a dress-maker, at the west end of the town.

Whether he were aware of the dan-

gers to which such a situation exposed her, we will not pretend to determine ; but if his imprudence, or more probably his indifference, exposed her to the attacks of libertinism, Providence had armed her with a sense of virtue, and female dignity, which proved a bulwark against the sighs, the smiles, and the splendid offers of those who, to the disgrace of the characters which they are bound to support, consider every unprotected daughter of Eve as fair game.

Stella had attained her sixteenth

year, when an event took place which promised fair to form the basis of her future felicity.

A young counsellor (who now, by the bye, is a grave dispenser of justice) had cast the eyes of desire upon our orphan, whom he had frequently seen passing and repassing the windows of the apartments which he occupied in Bruton-street, Bond-street.

That the grave son of Lycurgus should entertain sentiments of a tender kind in regard to Stella, will not per-

haps appear surprising, from the following attempt at a delineation of her personal beauties.

She was above the middle size. Her shape was as near perfection as possible. Her air possessed something celestial, which, at the same time that it fascinated the beholder, inspired him with sentiments of profound respect. Her countenance was the most lovely that imagination can depict. Her complexion was delicate: in it neither the lily nor the rose too much predominated: it resembled the happy combi-

nation which skilful painters of the old school so well knew how to bestow upon the visage of a Madona. Her eyes were large, black, and brilliant. Her nose united the beauties of the Grecian and the Roman schools ; neither exhibiting the too delicate outline of the one, nor the harshness of that of the other. Her mouth was small : the hue of her lips vied with that of a ripe tempting cherry ; and when opened, disclosed two rows of pearls, for no other comparison can we find sufficiently forcible to convey our idea of the fineness of her teeth. Her locks were

jetty, and elegantly twined around the face, to which each ringlet seemed emulous of adding a pre-eminent grace.

Her chin —, but were we to expatiate upon the perfections of Stella's features and figure, our limits would be exceeded in the accomplishments of the design.

In brief then—

“ Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye.”

Our legal friend thought as much, and transported beyond the bounds of

prudence, to which he had ever before confined himself, determined upon possessing her either by fair or foul means. His first attempt was of the gentle kind.

Finding no great difficulty in obtaining an interview with the object of his wishes, through the medium of her employer, he ventured to make a proposition (accompanying it with a large pecuniary offer, and promises in abundance), which shocked the sensitive feelings of Stella to such a degree, that, in a tone of anger seldom assum-

ed by her, she ordered him to quit the room, into which he had been introduced under pretence of his having some business to transact with the lady of the house.

It is almost needless to observe, that the latter, the amiable fashioner of the fair sex's habiliments, had *sold* the virtue of the innocent creature, whom, first, as a female, and next, as being under her roof, she was bound to protect.

We say, it is unnecessary to state

this circumstance, for most of our readers are, doubtless, by no means ignorant of the fact, that the generality of London dress-makers * pursue another occupation, as well as their ostensible one, namely, that of procuresses; for not only the unfortunate girls who

* From the extent of this censure, we must exclude Miss A——, and her no less amiable partner, Miss M——; the reputability of whose house has ever been maintained by the strictest propriety on the part of the principals, as well as the servants, who compose it.

enlist in their service, fall a prey to the cupidity and depravity of their employers, but many ladies of the *haute ton*, by converting their shops into places of assignation, bring ruin upon themselves, and disgrace upon their partners, progeny, and families, in general,

Many instances, in corroboration of this incontrovertible truth, might be adduced. Thus, Lady E—— first formed an intimacy with Mr. F—— at a shop of this kind, in Albemarle-street; Lady W——th originally

broke through the nuptial vows in a milliner's back parlour; Mrs. H——,* who was united to my Lord L——

* As the last affair by which this *slippery* lady has debased herself, is not generally known, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to learn, that Lord L—— caught her in the fact of writing a letter to her *new* flame, which began thus—
 “ My ever *dearest*, dear M—t—ws:” and the consequence of the discovery was, that his lordship (who, *as a man of delicacy*, never should have married her) sent her into Nottinghamshire, where she now has full leisure, and sufficient opportunity, to gratify her criminal propensities.

subsequent to her first *faux pas*, and has since deserted his arms to revel in those of Colonel M——, was, on both occasions, assisted and counselled by a celebrated *marchande des modes*.

In short, the *blonde* family may justly be said to have been at the bottom of the greater part of the fashionable slips which have occurred within the last century; and we sincerely hope, that some or other of those simpering imposing wretches may soon be brought to public justice.

To continue our narrative.—The counsellor was so stricken by the force of Stella's virtue, and the contempt which she evinced for his splendid offers, that he quickly made his *congé*, and retired in the utmost confusion.

As he withdrew, he encountered the amiable milliner, to whom he recounted the ill success with which his suit had been met.

This lady, who was an adept in affairs of the nature of that in question, laughed at the simpleton as she thought

fit to denominate her visitor, assuring him, that he had only experienced the same treatment as every minx bestowed upon a gallant in the first interview; adding, that if he (the counsellor) would consent to give her a good round sum, she would enable him to fulfil his designs in regard to Stella, in a shorter space of time than it would take her to trim a birth-day suit.

The counsellor having, probably, upon that day *fleeced* several clients, poured his golden spoils into the lap of

the harpy, who immediately laid open to him a scheme seemingly well calculated to insure the accomplishment of his designs.

Having dismissed him with a cargo of hope, the *virtuous* lady proceeded to the *convenient* parlour in which Stella had been left, whom she found bathed in tears, and to whose complaints having listened with an apparently sympathetic attention, she assured her, that the person who had so grossly misconducted himself, and dared

to sully the fair fame of her house, should never again darken her door.

Stella, artless as she was lovely, credited the assertions of the subtle woman, and determining to forget the insult she had received retired to a chamber in the dress-maker's mansion (which since her first residence there, had been appropriated to her use), enjoying that tranquillity of mind that conscious rectitude seldom fails to generate.

She had been nearly an hour in bed, and was sunk in profound repose, when

a loud crash in her room awoke and caused her to utter an exclamation of fear and surprise : but how were those sensations increased, on her being rudely clasped in the arms of a person, whom, from a few words, which he uttered, she discovered to be the very one by whom she had been insulted in the parlour.

Had he not, in his attempt to reach her bed, throw down a toilet-table, it is probable that her ruin would have been completed ere she could be conscious of her danger ; but, indeed,

as it was, she did not seem to be in a much safer condition.

The intruder, at that time, possessed as much strength of arm, as he at present does of judgment and eloquence, and her screams alone were the only weapons with which she was in any wise able to repel his vigorous attempts at attaining his ends.

These, however, proved sufficient for her purpose; not that the inhabitants of the house of infamy attended to them, but, fortunately, a bold son

of Neptune, a lieutenant of a man of war, who was passing the house at the time, heard the piercing cries of distress, and knocked so violently at the door, that he not only scared the amorous lawyer from his purpose, but, by a continuation of his loud knocks, obliged the beldam of the mansion to open her door, in order to avoid the exposition which she so richly merited.

On gaining admission, he seized the lantern of a watchman, whom the noise had brought to the spot, and rushing up stairs, soon gained the chamber

of Stella, who, regardless of her almost state of nudity, ran towards him, and begged of him to save her from further violence.

Whilst all this was passing, the unhappy counsellor, to whose pleadings the lovely orphan had lent so unwilling an ear, contrived to conceal himself for some time under the bed; but this subterfuge was of little avail, for our naval friend having satisfied Stella that he would protect her, waited not for a *habeas corpus*, or any other order of court, but dragged the half-dead lawyer

from his hiding place, who appeared pale, trembling, and covered with dust and feathers, before a room-full of watchmen, domestics, &c.

To the custody of one of the former he was delivered, and borne to the watch-house, amid the scoffs and coarse jokes of his guards.

In the mean time, Stella had retired to an adjoining room, and dressed herself as expeditiously as her agitation would permit: she then came forth, and joined her champion, who was, at

the moment, engaged in inquiring to whom the house belonged.

Upon learning the name of the fair tenant he uttered an exclamation of surprise and anger, adding in addressing the agitated dress-maker, who stood trembling before him—

“ Yes, yes, Madam, I have frequently heard mention made of your name amongst our officers; I am aware of the *means* by which you *principally* gain a livelihood, and therefore I shall take the liberty of putting this inno-

cent young female (with her permission) beyond your reach."

In this intention of his, Stella seemed inclined to concur, and accordingly the naval officer, with all the warmth and *un-ceremoniousness* of his profession, drew her arm within his own, and taking not the most complimentary leave of the nearly petrified milliner, conveyed his charge to the residence of his mother, situated in the neighbourhood of Hanover Square.

The mother of Lieutenant B—— was

one of those persons who do not readily attach credit to *romantic* adventures; she nevertheless, at the solicitation of her son, permitted Stella to occupy an apartment in her house till the following morning, when her champion conducted her to the residence of her relation, Mr. Wilkins, of whom we have heretofore spoken, and to whom the whole of the affair which had taken place, on the preceding night was related.

The tradesman said, he was sorry Stella had been thrown out of employ-

ment, and was proceeding to make some observations of a similar kind, when Lieutenant B—— interrupting him, declared in the true blunt style of a sailor, that if Stella had no sort of objection he would, by an union with her, render her independent of the world, and free her from the gripe of those sharks, in human shape, with which it abounded.

What could the poor orphan do? obliged to fly the situation in which she had vainly hoped to earn an honest livelihood.

Coldly received by the only relative that remained to her, and prompted by gratitude as well as inclination to agree to the Lieutenant's proposal, she readily consented to contribute to his happiness; and, being further pressed, named a day for the fulfilment of her promise.

When we say that Stella's inclinations favoured the wishes of Lieutenant B——, it will naturally, and indeed justly, be imagined that the latter possessed a very prepossessing appearance; the fact was, that openness

and candour seemed to hold their reign in the countenance of the youthful hero (he was not above 25), and endued him with a species of attraction which all the studied acts of our *petits maitres* have not been sufficient to procure for them.

As some of our readers may be desirous of knowing what became of the disappointed counsellor, we shall satisfy their curiosity by informing them that, by means of "that reason" which "is always prevailing," he obtained his emancipation from "durance vile."

and determining never again to take such a harsh mode of proceeding, in order to gain his cause in the court of the Cytherean Goddess, turned his attention to Coke upon Lyttleton, and we are happy to say that he has not only made a rapid progress in the serpentine path of the law, but can, and frequently does, expatiate in a very eloquent and grave style upon the heinousness of the crime of seduction, &c.*

* It was rather an awkward allusion of a certain learned Serjeant, who, upon a crim. con.

As to our Lieutenant, joy was the only inmate of his bosom, and with the most anxious impatience he looked forward to that day which was fixed upon for the consummation of his bliss.

But alas! mortal hopes, like an April's sun, are often overcast by the sable clouds of disappointment; and in the present instance we are grieved to

some time ago, appealed to this judge's expertise in matters of a *delicate* nature.

state, that the remark was fully verified.

Lord Marchmont who was sometimes induced to visit the city, unluckily for the parties concerned, honored that part of the metropolis with his presence, a few days antecedent to that upon which it was intended the nuptials of B—— and Stella should take place.

Mr. Wilkins was his lordship's wine-merchant, and whether the latter

wished to augment his Bacchanalian store, or for what reason we know not, but (in the civic phrase), he condescended to *look in* upon his tradesman, and as ill luck would have it, chanced to meet with Stella.

The charms of the beauteous orphan, of course, had an instantaneous effect upon the amorous Earl, who paid her many flaming compliments, and passed numerous eulogiums upon the loveliness of her person.

Stella was disgusted with what she

considered both fulsome and impertinent, and took an early opportunity of quitting his lordship's presence.

The vanity of the nobleman was as much nettled, by the indifference with which Stella had regarded him, and the coldness of her replies to his complimentary sallies, as he was charmed with the rare perfections of her form and face.

From the insight of his lordship's mind, which we have already endea-

voured to give our readers ; they will not be surprised to learn, that, a tolerably handsome person, which report assigns to Lord Marchmont, at the period in question, and of which he was always particularly careful, together with that flippancy of dialogue, and happy knack of saying a great deal of nothing, that almost every courtier possesses, formed the basis of the vanity just mentioned ; and induced our hero to imagine himself an Alexander the Great, in respect to the female world.

Determined, as fully, on becoming possessor of Stella, as the limb of the law before had been, he stifled the resentment which her conduct occasioned him to feel, and launched forth innumerable praises in regard to her, before Mr. Wilkins, who declared himself very proud of the honour which his lordship did his relation, by deigning to notice her.

In short, the primitive object of the Earl's visit, to the wine merchant, was totally forgotten, and Stella became the sole theme of conversation.

Lord Marchmont, to his infinite chagrin, now learned the state of affairs between her and Lieutenant B——; but resolving to obtain what he so much desired, he took leave of Mr. Wilkins, and immediately, in conjunction with a confidant, who had for some time been the minister of his pleasures, began to form plans for the execution of his honorable design.

It may not here be needless to remark, that M. de F——, the confidant alluded to was, as his name implies, a native of that nation in which

vice may be said to hold her headquarters; in plain English, he was a Frenchman who had assisted many a noble and *honourable* minor in getting through his yearly stipend, under pretence of contributing to his happiness, by procuring for him the finest girls, whether of the frail sisterhood, or that part of the community denominated virtuous females; and it was acknowledged by all who had employed him, that he was the most ingenious scoundrel the continent ever produced.

Lord Marchmont having made known his wishes to this clever fellow, demanded his opinion on the subject.

The artful Frenchman declared that the execution of the affair would be attended with some difficulty and expence; but that conscious of his lordship's liberal disposition, he would venture to promise that he should arrive *au fait de tout ce qu'il pouvoit desirer.*

This promise at first, however, appeared likely to be more rash than veritable. Monsieur's plan was, to lay

wait in the neighbourhood of Wilkins' house, and on the appearance of Stella, to carry her off forcibly; but the innocent prey for which he thus watched, not having given him an opportunity to effectuate his intention, another, and unfortunately a too successful scheme was quickly planned, and time being precious, as quickly executed.

'M. de F—— having thought proper to reconnoitre Mr. Wilkins' premises one morning, before the family was

stirring, observed a naval officer pacing to and fro before the house, and to whom, as soon as the parlour windows were unclosed, admittance was given.

This officer was no other than Lieutenant B——, who, at an early hour every morning, thus exhibited proof of his affection for his mistress, by patiently awaiting for an hour, or more, her *levée*.

The circumstance, of course, was related to Lord Marchmont, and he, as well as the Frenchman, concluding

that the naval officer was the lover of Stella, the ingenious agent took his station, at a similar hour, on the succeeding morning, near Wilkins' house, and observing the same scene to be repeated as on the foregoing one, he contrived to become acquainted with the wine merchant's maid-servant, and having bought her over to his interests, on the morning previously to the appointed bridal day, accomplished what had for some time kept his inventive faculties upon the rack.

Lord Marchmont, by the direction

of his able minister, on the very day that the latter had made his second observation, rode into the city, unaccompanied even by a domestic, and repaired to the residence of Wilkins, to whom he pretended, that, whilst in his neighbourhood, he had been attacked by a fit of the cramp, and hobbling into his parlour, begged that he would permit him to remain for some time under his roof.

Wilkins assured his lordship that he could not express the pleasure he felt in being able to accommodate his lord-

ship; adding, that he hoped his ~~lordship~~
ship would not consider that he took a
 liberty in begging of his *lordship* to
 sojourn there during that night.

This was exactly what the earl aimed
 at: he, therefore, after apologising for
 the trouble he gave, accepted of the
hospitable invitation, and immediately
 dispatched a messenger, with a note
 for Mr. de F——, which he told Mr.
 Wilkins, was merely intended to pre-
 vent the servants from being alarmed
 by his unusual absence from home;
 but which, in fact, contained instruc-

tions to the Frenchman, relative to the furtherance of their joint scheme.

It is almost unnecessary to observe, that, during the evening, his lordship's attentions to Stella were very particular, insomuch that the lieutenant, who was almost an inmate of the house, did not appear half pleased; for, in the course of conversation, he fired two or three words, expressive of his feelings, at the nobleman, and hoisted a few signals of dissatisfaction.

As soon as he had taken his leave,

and quitted the wine merchant's house, Lord Marchmont began to ridicule the manners of the *sea monster*, as he thought proper to term the lieutenant; while Stella, who, every day since their first acquaintance, experienced an increase of affection for B——, warmly opposed his lordship, and went so far as to hint, that the latter would not derive much advantage, in any respect, from a comparison with her lover.

The arguments of the earl and Stella being immaterial to the main point of our design, we shall refrain from relat-

ing them, and barely state, that the whole party retired to their chambers at a seasonable hour.

It is, however, requisite to be observed, that the apartment assigned to his lordship, and which was situated in the front of the house, had, till that night, been occupied by Stella, who, in order to accommodate the earl, was removed to a room inferior to it in size, decorations, &c.

Scarcely had the morning dawned, before Lord Marchmont, with his night-

cap on, put his head out of the window, and looking anxiously about for some time, at length descried the unsuspecting lieutenant coming towards the house.

B—— was aware of the room in which his lordship then was, having been that of Stella, for, from the opposite side of the street, he had more than once beheld her, unclosing the shutters.

To those windows then he first directed his attention ; but great was his

surprise on seeing a man hastily draw in his head !

At first, he imagined his eyes deceived him ; but, on looking again, he plainly perceived Lord Marchmont shutting the window, and retiring from it.

Almost fainting from the effects of surprise, indignation, and maddening jealousy, he leaned against a post, determining on knocking at the door, and making known the discovery which he supposed he had made ; but before he

could collect sufficient strength to effect his purpose, he who had given rise to his agitation, appeared at the hall-door, about to quit the house of Wilkins.

The person who let him out, was seemingly endeavouring to conceal herself, but the lieutenant was soon well convinced that the clothes she wore, were those which Stella had on during the preceding evening.

This was confirmation of his surmises "strong as holy writ;" and, with

an almost bursting heart, he witnessed an apparently rapturous embrace, bestowed by his lordship on the fair deceiver, before she closed the door.

The reader will probably guess that it was not Stella who acted a part in this scene, but the treacherous servant of Wilkins, attired in the clothes of the much-wronged girl.

Lord Marchmont now thinking his scheme completely accomplished, was proceeding at a brisk pace, when the wretched lieutenant rushed upon him,

and seizing him with a powerful arm, threatened to tear him piece-meal, unless he acknowledged what were the origin and nature of his connexion with the person from whom he had just parted.

Before Lord Marchmont could reply, M. de F——, and a few of his lordship's dependants, who were stationed at a convenient distance, ran to the aid of their master, and quickly released him from the gripe of the en-

raged lieutenant ; then covering his retreat, the insidious nobleman soon got beyond the reach of his unhappy opponent.

The lover overcome by the weight of his feelings, found himself unable to pursue the destroyer of his peace, and equally unable to determine what step he should next take.

At first, he thought of upbraiding Stella with her supposed criminality ;

but that idea soon gave way to indignation, and a certain degree of honest pride, which, by rendering him desirous of concealing his sufferings from his deceitful mistress, as he supposed her, prevented an interview which might, in all probability, have brought about an explanation equally advantageous to both him and the calumniated Stella.

He, therefore, returned to his mother's house, and wrote a note couched

in the following terms, which he sent with the utmost dispatch to Stella, putting into immediate effect the resolution expressed in it.

CHAPTER IV.

Conclusion of Stella's Story.

TO MISS ———

“ *Madam,*

“ I HAVE been an eye witness to your unparalleled duplicity and depravity ; you cannot be at a loss to comprehend the meaning of my allusion ; you and I meet no more—while you peruse this I am on my way to Ports-

mouth, where I shall join my ship,
and in the thunder of war endeavour
to forget her who is wholly undeserv-
ing of possessing a place in the recol-
lection of

G. B——."

The situation of Stella on receiving
this epistle may more easily be con-
ceived than described, if any thing
could increase its horror it was the
perusal of one which was, immediately
after its receipt, put into the hands of
Mr. Wilkins, by a domestic of Lord
Marchmont. It ran thus—" Sir, you

were, no doubt, surprised by my quitting your house at so early an hour this morning. Delicacy for the reputation of a female under your protection, causes me at present to refrain from entering into an explanation of my reasons for so doing. I shall, however, avail myself of an early opportunity to call at your house and converse with you upon a subject which I am unwilling to trust to paper.

“ I am, sir,

“ Yours, &c.

“ MARCHMONT.”

Mr. Wilkins swallowed the bait, the evidence of the two letters in proof of Stella's criminality could not be doubted by such a man, and with more prematureness than humanity, he ordered the unhappy subject of his lordship's machinations to quit his house. It was in vain that Stella endeavoured to vindicate her character from the foul aspersions cast upon it; her worthless relation would not listen to her, he thrust her out of doors and left her a helpless bark at the mercy of the winds of adversity.

In the interim his lordship's trusty agent was not idle, he had learned the character of Wilkins, and anticipated the event which took place. Having taken his station near the mansion of the wine merchant, he beheld Stella issue from it, evincing in her appearance the anguish that wrung her soul: he approached his destined victim, and with an assumed air of benevolence and pity, tenderly enquired into the cause of her distress.

Stella was unable to reply, she had not resolved upon what course she

should take; the dignity of offended virtue would not permit her to proceed to the house of Lieutenant B——'s mother in order to demand an explanation, and to Lord Marchmont's she had even more potent reasons for not turning for a similar purpose..

The conversation which ensued between M. de F—— and poor Stella we shall forbear from recapitulating, and merely content ourselves with stating that the Frenchman acted his part so well, that he obtained the un-

suspecting girl's confidence, and persuaded her he was a respectable merchant who would undertake to see justice done her. Having thus prevailed upon her to trust herself to his protection, promising that he would introduce her into the society of his wife and daughters, he procured a hackney-coach, and conveyed his prize to the house of Lord Marchmont.

Here, three ladies of *easy* virtue were in readiness to personate the wife and daughters of Monsieur, whose plans they so well seconded, that Stella

believed herself to have obtained the friendship of a very worthy man.

She soon, however, discovered her error. It is true that she remained unmolested during one night with the *amiable* family.

Lord Marchmont had not hitherto made his appearance, and the deception was admirably supported : but on the following morning, under pretence of conveying her to Portsmouth, there to explain to Lieutenant B—— every thing relating to the late misunder-

standing, which M. de F—— assured her was the only mode of bringing matters to a favourable issue, Stella was persuaded to enter a post-chaise, which carried her to an estate of Lord Marchmont, situated in Scotland.

The deceived Stella, on her arrival at Dr—ml—n—g, the estate alluded to, soon learned the reality of her situation. We shall not attempt a description of her feelings, nor the indignation and horror which she evinced on being received by Lord Marchmont,

who, after a few consolatory observations, informed her, that she need not expect again to see her lover, he having sailed from Portsmouth on the very day that she left London.

He then patched up an apologetic oration for his late conduct, which he delivered with "due emphasis and due discretion;" and concluded, by stating the excess of his passion for her, and making her such offers as he supposed no female could withstand the force of; but Stella not only refused to accede to

his propositions, but treated them with the utmost contempt.

Hoping that, by allowing her time to reflect, she might be induced to alter her first resolve, and lend a more willing ear to his vows, he absented himself for a day or two ; but, previously to his departure, recommended the unfortunate girl to inspect the house, gardens, &c. which, in case she would yield to his will, he promised should be settled upon her for life.

To any other than one who possess-

ed the virtuous principles of Stella, the proposition might have appeared too splendid to be rejected.

Dr—ml—n—g is one of the finest palaces in Scotland. It is situated in the midst of a wild uncultivated country ; so that it may be compared to a diamond, set round with pebbles.

The building is finished on a plan well contrived : it is in a square form, with a tower rising from each corner, besides which there are twenty small turrets.

All the apartments are furnished in the most elegant manner, and the rooms hung with rich tapestry. The galleries are adorned with many fine paintings, particularly the most illustrious persons of the family of Doublass, Lord Marchmont's being one of its collateral branches.

The gardens are finely adorned with grottos, water-works, terrace-walks, and summer-houses. There is also a plantation of oaks along the banks of the n—th, which extends six miles in length, and has a beautiful appearance.

This noble and magnificent structure was founded by the first Duke of Quiz, one of the greatest noblemen that ever conducted the affairs of Scotland.

He had a considerable hand in promoting the revolution, and during the reign of King William, he enjoyed some of the greatest offices of state.

It was by his influence that the parliament of Scotland agreed to the Hanoverian settlement, and he managed the affairs of state with so much prudence, that the two kingdoms were

united without any other disturbance than a protest, signed by some discontented lords, who afterwards joined in the rebellion of 1715.

He was created Duke of *Rover*, in England, and died, full of age and honours, in 1719.

Well may we exclaim, on perusing the foregoing account of the person to whom this palace once appertained, and of whom we deemed it not wholly irrelevant to our subject to say something, "Virtues are not hereditary!"

and sorry are we to add, that the habitation which originally belonged to so great a man as the first Duke of Quiz, should, by the unworthy inheritor of his title and estates, be converted into a brothel, and become the scene of such consummate villainy, as has scarcely been equalled, and, we believe, never surpassed.

While Lord Marchmont was absent, Stella was closely watched by M. de F——, who, although she testified the utmost abhorrence for the part he had taken in the treacherous plan laid to

entrap her, exhausted all the conciliatory language and fawning manners of his nation, to place himself once more in her good graces.

He assured her, that his lordship's intentions towards her were of the most *liberal* kind ;—that he was dying for her,—could not live, exist without her ;—that he was the best of men, the most constant swain, &c. &c.

All, however, was ineffectual : virtue reigned paramount in the mind of Stella ; and she dismissed the syco-

phant with expressions replete with the utmost detestation.

On the earl's return to his "palace of pleasure," he found Stella pale, languid, bathed in tears, and seemingly determined rather to forfeit existence, than that title which alone renders woman estimable.

In order to gratify his wishes, stratagem appeared to Lord Marchmont to be now his *dernier resort*; and accordingly, at the instigation of his confidant, he endeavoured to procure for

the victim of his lawless passion, those slumbers which she seemed so much to stand in need of.

In a glass of wine, which she was prevailed upon to take, the Frenchman infused a strong opiate: this had the intended effect.

As soon as it sufficiently operated, the unfortunate girl was conveyed to bed; and on awaking, she found herself in the arms of Lord Marchmont.

Her horror, confusion, and distrac-

tion, on first being aware of her situation, exceed the powers of description. She sank into a state of insensibility, from which she was recovered by the aid of powerful restoratives; but quickly relapsed again, and continued alternately fainting and recovering for the space of some hours.

To accompany the ill-fated Stella through every stage of her agony, we deem it unnecessary: suffice it to state, that despairing of escaping from the fangs of him who had accomplished her ruin; conscious that, from what



had occurred, she never could become the wife of Lieutenant B——; convinced that she had no relation to whom she could fly for refuge, in case she were once more at liberty: under all these circumstances, we say, she took the broad path of vice, and though she did not esteem his lordship, became, for a certain period, his avowed mistress.

As it most frequently happens in such cases, possession soon cloyed the appetite of Lord Marchmont, who had already begun to form a plan for get-

ting rid of her whom he had been the means of degrading in the eyes of the world, when an unforeseen event brought about what he so much desired.

For nearly two winters had Stella graced his lordship's phaeton, and in the splendour of her appearance, and beauty of her person, as well as modesty of her demeanour, eclipsed all the other luminaries of the Cyprian firmament.

Although melancholy would some-

times overcast those features which appeared to have been formed for the seat of smiles, and that reflection of the most galling kind would occasionally find its way into her imagination, in spite of the efforts used by her to prevent the approach of the intruder.

She frequented every place of public entertainment, and apparently enjoyed as much pleasure as the heart of woman could pant for.

About the time that Lord Marchmont began to form the resolution of

which we have already spoken, his conduct towards Stella underwent so visible a change, that she could not fail of perceiving it.

His manners became cold, his caresses constrained : he no longer seemed to regard her as a being whose presence was essential to his happiness.

In short, her eyes were opened to the reality of the situation in which she stood.

Report, that busy-body, continually

on the wing, had already whispered, that the envied and admired Stella was about to become what is technically termed a *cast-off*, and many of the gallants of the day began to present her with *biddings* for the reversion of her charms.

The last night that ever Stella graced the opera-box of Lord Marchmont, no less than three *billets doux* of the aforementioned description were placed in her hand, with tender pressures; one of which, it is said, was from the

r—y—l fingers of the late Duke of
C——.*

Stella, fatigued by the repetition of
an opera which she had attended at least
half a dozen times before, immediately

* This r—y—l personage cuts a very distinguished figure in the list of British gallants. He attempted to seduce the Honourable Miss L——, sister to Lord C—h—ton, who compelled his highness to do justice to that lady by marrying her. The latter never appeared at court subsequent to her nuptials.

on her return to the house of her protector, retired to rest.

About twelve the following day, she arose, and casting her languid eyes over the miserable scrawls of titled debauchees, threw them upon the tea-table, with a sigh, which seemed to originate as much from weariness of the life to which she was condemned, as from disgust for the indelicate overtures that those *billets* contained.

“ Alas ! ” thought she, “ had B—— not prematurely credited appearances,

—had he but heard me, I should not now be exposed to the frowns of fortune, and the unmanly attacks of those for whom birth, interest, or wealth, procure coronets; but who, in every other respect, are inferior to the rest of the human creation.”

As she spoke thus, she took up a newspaper of the day, in which the first paragraph that met her eye, ran as follows:—

“On the —— instant, a gallant action took place between his Majesty’s

ship ———, and a French ship of war, in which the former was victorious.

“ After twenty minutes hard fighting, the Frenchman struck, and has since been brought into Portsmouth by the captors.

“ In point of number, the loss upon our side was inconsiderable; but in Lieutenant G. B——, who was killed by a cannon-ball, at the commencement of the engagement, the navy has suffered a deprivation of as gallant an officer as ever trod the deck.”

It was Stella's lover to whom the latter part of the paragraph referred, and scarcely had she read it, ere the fatal paper dropped from her unnerved hands, and she sank senseless upon the floor.

The noise occasioned by her fall was heard by the servant in attendance, who ran to her succour, and having called in aid, succeeded in restoring animation to the unhappy Stella.

Her intellects were nevertheless deranged, a misfortune which was not

temporary; for, in the course of a few days, it was found necessary to remove her to a private madhouse, in the neighbourhood of Somers' Town, where, at the expence of her seducer, she remained till within the last eleven years, prior to the commencement of which period, her mortal career was terminated by the destroying hand, whose ravages make no distinction between the peasant and the prince.

We have only to add, that the greater part of Stella's affecting little history, was collected from conversations had

with her during her lucid intervals ;
and, we trust, that in giving the substance of them, we have nought extenuated.

CHAPTER V.

2—— turns Quaker.

THE next amour in which Lord Marchmont displayed his ingenuity, or, more properly speaking, the aptitude with which he put into effect the lessons of M. de F——, occurred shortly after the issue of that with the ill-fated Stella.

Did not narrative require so much of our attention, we might here make an appeal to the feelings of those libertines, who, while they behold traits in the character of a British peer, that would reflect disgrace upon that of an untutored African, are following his footsteps, and perhaps have it in contemplation to rob an innocent female of her dearest treasure, and plunge her, and those to whom she is related, into an abyss of degradation and grief; —to such young men, we say, a few words might now with propriety be addressed, in order to induce them to

pause ere they commit a crime, which will afford them a momentary gratification, but which will embitter their latest moments, and destroy the happiness of the part of the community that instinct impels man to protect and cherish.

However, as we have already observed, it is not in our power to moralize, and at the same time do justice to our subject, we shall, therefore, without further digression, proceed to state the circumstances of the second *seductive feat* of our hero.

It is seldom that any of the starched people called Quakers, become so pliant as to yield to the unruly desires of the profligate part of the vain world; but it more rarely happens, that there is any general rule without an exception. The affair between Lord Marchmont and one of the family of Simon Pure, upon whom we shall bestow the name of Sarah, fully proves the truth of this remark.

Sarah's father was the stiffest of the stiff members of the conventicle, and she herself was not permitted even to

look upon the male part of the creation, while walking from her worthy sire's habitation, in Bishopsgate-street, to the neighbouring meeting-house, which excursion performed by her once in a week, might be termed the extent of her travels.

Short, however, as it was, she did not escape the eyes of those modern *Argi*, vulgarly called panders, who parade the streets of both ends of the town, for the laudable purposes of laying snares for the innocent of one sex,

or starting game for the depraved and opulent of the other.

M. de F——, that trusty agent, retained in his service two or three of the aforesaid gentlemen, through whose means he was enabled to provide his noble employers with the choicest girls that the metropolis afforded.

One of M. de F——'s scouts encountered Sarah in the course of his perambulations, and having dogged her home, and made a catalogue of

her personal perfections, he presented it to Monsieur.

“Flaxen hair, light blue eyes, sweet mouth, divine teeth, charming chin, neat form”——“She shall replace Stella,” said the Frenchman, when his deputy had got thus far.—“She must be a divine creature.—My lord shall hear of her.”

No sooner said than done; and no sooner was the communication made to his lordship, than it was determined to commence the siege, and to carry

the place, either by stratagem or storm.

Previously to commencing the operations, his lordship very wisely suggested, that it would be necessary for him to see the object, for obtaining which he was about to make such efforts.

This was easily effected, and Lord Marchmont was much fascinated on beholding Sarah, as a man of his disposition possibly could be.

The Quaker's habitation was reconnoitred, and an old female domestic, the only one belonging to the family, attempted to be brought over to the side of the besiegers ; but the former was found to be impregnable on every side, and the latter deaf to all the smooth speeches, and not to be corrupted by the pecuniary offers of de F——'s myrmidons.

What was to be done?—My lord swore he would have the girl: the Frenchman swore he should have her: and although some persons would not

give a fig for the oath of either, they quickly set about finding means to escape the accusation of perjury.

The conventicle seemed a likely place to afford scope for the exertion of their brilliant talents, and thither the Frenchman repaired upon a certain Sunday.

At their usual hour, Sarah, her father, and mother, made their appearance within the hallowed walls of the meeting-house, and were immediately recognized by M. de F——, who took

especial care to sit close to old broad brim, and to testify such marks of admiration at the discourse of one of the brethren, whom the spirit moved to preach, as could not be overlooked by his next neighbour.

As soon as the conventicle broke up, Monsieur eagerly demanded of the latter when it would meet again, and being answered, "On the following Sunday, friend," he expressed his intention of attending upon that day.

"Then thou art attached to our

sect," rejoined the Quaker. Monsieur answered in the affirmative, and a conversation ensued, which was terminated by the Quaker's inviting M. de F—— to dine with him on the succeeding day, no doubt with the pious design of making a complete convert of the latter.

It is hardly necessary to mention, that the delighted de F—— complied with the invitation. He was nevertheless chagrined to find that Sarah did not make her appearance during his visit. Still he did not despair; but



with that species of ingenuity peculiar to his countrymen, laid the foundation of the scheme, which, in the end, accomplished his aim.

For this purpose, he mentioned to the Quaker, that the first visitation of the spirit had been made to him through the médium of a young man of the Society of Friends, who had just come up from the country, with the design of obtaining a situation in a respectable family of his own persuasion.

Our readers will easily surmise what was the substance of the rest of the conversation. Monsieur prevailed upon his new acquaintance, who was in trade, to take the young Quaker into his employment, and Lord Marchmont, equipped in a drab coat, waistcoat, and breeches, a smooth wig, and a broad-brimmed beaver, proceeded, on the following day, in company with his worthy friend, to the house of the Quaker, by whom he was engaged as book-keeper, at a moderate salary.

His lordship, seconded by his intro-

ducer, endeavoured to prevail upon the Quaker to assign him a chamber in his house, backing his request by saying, that he was anxious to avoid the snares to which his virtue might be exposed by any sort of connexion with those who had not the supreme felicity of being ranked among the number of the faithful.

END OF VOL. I.

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